

Poetry.

GROWING OLD.

Some day, looking in my mirror,
I'll discover, here and there,
Slowly on my head intruding,
Scattering threads of silver hair,
But I do not think I'll murmur,
And I do not think I'll sigh,
And my hair will not be saddened
Which I see I'm growing old.

I will make no lamentation
And no tear will dim my eye,
There will be no touch of sadness,
Nor a vain, regretful sigh;
Youth will be a mere remembrance,
Just a story that is told,
But I'll not wish to recall it,
When I see I'm growing old.

I shall think that, of Life's battle,
Of the hard, relentless grind,
There is less ahead to conquer,
There is more that's left behind.
Nearer, then, my rest from labor
On life's path so bleak and cold.
So the gray hairs will be welcome
When I see I'm growing old.

—Joseph Bert Smiley.

HOUSEHOLD.

RICE AND APPLE.

When the rice is about one third cooked add a small quantity of tart apples sliced. When done, stir thoroughly together. If steamed, this is a very nice dish.

FRENCH PUDDING.

One quart of milk, 10 tablespoonfuls of flour, eight eggs. Beat the eggs very light, add them to the milk, with the flour. Butter a pan, pour in the mixture and bake it. Serve it hot with sweet sauce.

HASHED COLD MEAT.

Take your bones and stew them in a little water with an onion, some salt and pepper, and, if you like, a little savory herbs; when the goodness is all out of the bones, and it tastes nice, thicken the gravy with a teaspoonful of cornstarch, and, if it is not very strong, put in a bit of butter, then place your stew pan on the hot hearth and put in your slices of meat. Warm, but not boil. Serve with toasted bread.

FLOUR AND INDIAN WAFFLES.

Two and one half cups of sifted flour, one half cup of sifted Indian meal, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, two eggs, beaten very light, two cups of rich milk. Mix salt, baking powder, flour and meal, and melt the butter. Make a hollow in the flour, and pour in butter, eggs and milk, stirring as you pour, that all may be a smooth batter. Heat the waffles irons. Oil them well with fresh lard, and fill three-quarters full. Bake over a clear fire. Turn the waffle-iron often, that the waffles may not burn.

SPINACH.

Spinach requires more care in picking and washing than most other vegetables. Wash it several times; drain the water well away; put it into a pan of boiling water; add salt and a very small piece of soda; boil quickly and skim it; when quite tender spread a clean cloth over a colander; pour in the spinach, and squeeze the water well from it; chop, and put it into a saucepan with a little butter and salt; stir it on the fire one or two minutes; put it on a hot, flat dish; put another hot dish over it to smooth the surface; cut or mark it in squares, and serve immediately.

HIS GREAT MISTAKE.

Featherstone—Look here, uncl, I lent you \$3 the other day to buy you a pair of trousers with, but I haven't seen you wear them yet.

Uncle Ebony—No, sah. De fac' is I made a big mistake about dem pants, sah. I found dat I could get a pair for \$1.50, sah. So den I went out and spent \$1.50.

Featherstone—Well, didn't you get the trousers with the other \$1.50?

Uncle Ebony—No, sah; dat's de funny part of it. You see, I made er mistake and spent de \$1.50 I was going to buy the pants with first.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

BE PROMPT AT MEALS!

This forenoon my wife and I put our heads together to cut up the pord, recalling as best we could knowledge that had lain dormant for a dozen years, and got so interested in it that we didn't know when it was dinner time, and found it to be some time after twelve when we thought about it. This made our dinner late, of course, but it is such a rarity here that I believe it may not be out of place to base a few remarks upon it. I have been married nearly nineteen years, and in all this time, when my wife was well, have not had to wait half a dozen times after the regular hour for a meal. On the other hand my wife has very seldom had to wait meals for me—when away with a load of produce, I cannot of course always be back on time.

I speak of this because I know many farmers are quite irregular at meals, often staying in the field to finish a piece of work from ten minutes to two hours after the regular dinner hour. I know one man who sometimes works until 3:30 to finish, when the regular dinner hours is between 12 and one. Such irregularity is unbusinesslike and unprofitable. In my younger days it was quite common with farmers to be late, but I married a village

girl whose father was a mechanic, and it took but a short trial of a strictly regular system to convince me that it was advantageous to the farmer as to the mechanic to observe regular hours.

At first it came hard to quit exactly at 12 or 6, especially if there was but a furrow or two to plow, or a small bit of any work uncompleted; but after a while I came to regard all work as a part of a season's job to be completed as fast as possible, but at all time to be subject to the regular interruption of meal time. Looked at in this way, it is no trial to unhitch when the time comes, whether there be much or little to complete the job.

Meals are not only much better when eaten promptly, but it is of great advantage to the housewife to know that the men will be on hand at a certain minute to eat them.—*L. B. Pierce, in Country Gentleman.*

An Ohio woman who has recently taken up a Dakota claim, and incidentally interested a large number of Dakota bachelors, rashly tells a friend of her first western proposal. It was an elderly, wealthy and influential citizen who stalked into the lady's little kitchen one morning without the formality of an introduction, and blurted: "Say, miss, you don't want to git married, do you?" "No, sir, I don't—emphatically." "No 'fense, I hope mum." "None at all, sir. Good-morning." That is the way they do things in South Dakota.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

The ancients used to say that Vulcan struck Jupiter on the head and the goddess of wisdom jumped out, illustrating the truth that wisdom comes by hard knocks, writes Rev. Dr. Talma in the *May Ladies Home Journal*. There was a river of difficulty between Shakespeare, the boy holding the horses at the door of the London theatre, and the Shakespeare, the great dramatist, winning the applause of all audiences by his tragedies. There was a river between Benjamin Franklin, with a loaf of bread under his arm, walking the streets of Philadelphia, and that same Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher, just outside of Boston, flying a kite in the thunder storm. An idler was cured of his bad habit by looking through his window, night after night, at a man who seemed sitting at his desk, turning off one sheet after another, until almost the dawn of morning. The man sitting there writing until morning was industrious Walter Scott; the man who looked at him through the window was Lockhart, his illustrious biographer afterward. Lord Mansfield, pursued by the press and by the populace because of a certain line of duty, went on to discharge the duty; and while the mob were around him, demanding the taking of his life, he shook his fist in the face of the mob and said, "Sirs, when one's last end comes, it cannot come too soon if he fails in defence of law and the liberty of his country." And so there is, my friends, a tug, a tussel, a trial, a push, an anxiety, through which every man must go before he comes to worldly success and worldly achievement. You admit it. Now be wise enough to apply it in religion. Eminent Christian character is only gained by the Jordanic passage; no man just happened to get good.

HE STOPPED THE SQUEAKING.

During a sea voyage, a passenger made friends with the engineer of a ship, and was allowed to enter the engine room. He took a seat in the corner, and pulling his hat down over his eyes, appeared to be lost in reverie.

Presently a certain part of the machinery began to squeak.

The engineer oiled it and went about his duties. In the course of a few minutes the squeaking was heard again, and the engineer rushed, oil can in hand, to lubricate the same spindle.

Again he returned to his post, but it was only a few minutes until the same old spindle was squeaking louder than ever.

"Confound the thing," he yelled. "It is bewitched."

More oil was administered, but the engineer began to be suspicious as to the cause. Soon the spindle began to squeak again; and, slipping up behind the friendly passenger, the engineer squirted half a pint of oil down the joker's back.

"There," said he, "I don't think that spindle will squeak any more."

That "spindle" squeak was caused by the passenger, who was a ventriloquist.

WASN'T AFRAID IN THE DAY TIME.

Robert's Sunday-school teacher asked the members of her class if they said their prayers both night and morning. Robert, who is eight years old, admitted that he prayed only at night.

"And why?" asked the teacher.

"Because I want the Lord to watch over me in the dark."

"But don't you want the Lord to watch over you during the day, too?"

"Humph!" said Robert, "I wouldn't give much for a boy who couldn't take care of himself in the day time."

DEAD SHOTS.

Wonderful Marksmanship of the Texas Rangers—Handling Revolver and Rifle with Equal Facility.

The Rangers were the largest men I saw in Texas, the State of big men, says Richard Harding Davis, in *Harper's Weekly*. And some of them were remarkably handsome in a sun-browned, broad-shouldered, easy, manly way. They were also somewhat shy with the strangers, listening very intently, but speaking little, and then in a slow, gentle voice, and as they spoke so seldom, they seemed to think what they had to say was too valuable to spoil by profanity.

When General Mabry found they would not tell of their adventures, he asked them to show how they could shoot, and as this was something they could do, and not something already done, they went about it as gleefully as schoolboys at recess doing "stunts." They placed a board a foot wide and two feet high, some sixty feet off in the prairie, and Sheriff Scheele opened hostilities by whipping out his revolver, turning it in the air, and shooting, with the sights upside down into the bull's-eye of the impromptu target. He did this without discontinuing what he was saying to me, but rather as though he was punctuating his remarks with audible commas.

Then he said, "I didn't think a' you Rangers would let a little one penny sheriff get in the first shot on you." He could afford to say this because he had been a Ranger himself, and his brother Joe was one of the best captains the Rangers have had, and he and all of his six brothers are all over six feet high. But the taunt produced an instantaneous volley from every man in the company; they did not take the trouble to rise, but shot from where happened to be sitting or lying and talking together, and the air rang with the report and a hundred quick vibrating little gasps, like the singing of a wire string when it is tightened on a banjo.

They exhibited some most wonderful shooting. They shot with both hands at the same time, with the hammer underneath, holding the rifle in one hand, and never, when it was a revolver they were using, with a glance at the sights. They would some times fire four shots from a Winchester between the time they had picked it up from the ground and before it had nestled comfortably against their shoulder. They also sent one man on a pony racing around a tree about as thick as a man's leg, and were dissatisfied because he only put four out of six shots into it. Then General Mabry, who seemed to think I did not fully appreciate what they were doing, gave a Winchester rifle to Captain Brooks and myself, and told us to show which of us could first put eight shots into the target.

It seems that to shoot a Winchester you have to pull a trigger one way and work a lever backwards and forwards; this would naturally suggest that there are three movements—one to throw out the empty shell, one to replace it with another cartridge, and the third to explode this cartridge. Capt. Brooks, as far as I could make out from the sound, used only one movement for his entire eight shots. As I guessed, the trial was more to show Capt. Brooks's quickness than his marksmanship. I paid no attention to the target, but devoted myself assiduously to manipulating the lever and trigger and aimed blankly at the prairie.

When I had fired two shots into space, the captain had put his eight into the board. They sounded as they went off like fire-crackers well started in a barrel, and mine, in comparison, like minute guns at sea. The Rangers, I found, after I saw more of them, could not shoot as rapidly with a revolver as with a rifle, and had become so expert with the smaller weapon that instead of pressing the trigger for each shot, they would pull steadily on it, and snap the hammer until the six shots were exhausted.

THE BABY'S DAINTY BASKET.

They should be covered with muslin, or lace, over some colored material, writes Mrs. Scoville in her department in the *May Ladies Home Journal*. Silesia, glazed cambric, or saten may be used, and any color chosen that is preferred. The French think blue the most appropriate for boys, and pink for girls. If any special color predominates in the nursery, or in the baby's other belongings it is well to have the basket to match. Pale yellow is effective, crimson looks warm in winter, and a delicate green cool in summer. Line the sides of the basket inside and out, cutting the strips to fit, allowing for seams, joining them neatly round the top, and confining any extra fullness in tiny plaits at the lower part. Cut a piece of cardboard to exactly fit the bottom of the basket, cover it with the cambric, and afterward with the muslin, and lay it in place when the trimming is done. It will conceal the

finishing where the sides and bottom join. Use for the covering plain white Swiss muslin, dotted or figured muslin, point d'esprit net, which is net covered with fine dots, or one of the different kinds of piece lace. When a very inexpensive basket is desired, try fine cheese cloth, scrim, silkolene, or art muslin. China, India, or surah silk, in soft shades, makes a very pretty covering, and does not crease quickly as muslin.

HARD LUCK.

Everything He Did Went Against Him Up to the End.

"Talk about luck," said the weary eyed man with the long face, "I'm the unluckiest man that ever was born. No other man in the world ever had such hard luck. I was born on Friday, on the thirtieth day of the month, and I was the thirteenth child in our family. On my thirteenth birthday I fell out of a three story window and knocked out all my teeth. Afterward I had all the maladies known to man. I went out west and had to walk back. My father left me some houses and they burned down. I bought a share in a schooner and she sank on the very next trip. I went to work on a railroad, and in three days was knocked 400 feet in a collision and was in a hospital for six months."

"You do seem to have had your share of hard luck," said a sympathizer.

"Luck!" said the man. "Why, look at me when I wanted to get married. I fell in love with a girl and I thought she loved me. I went to her and said, 'Elizabeth, were you ever married?'"

"Why, no," she said blushing. "You know that."

"Well, Elizabeth," I said, "you are a good girl, and since no man—"

"Then she burst out crying and ran out of the room so that I could not finish what I wanted to say."

"Well, that was a funny way to ask a woman to marry you," said the man of sympathy.

"What way?"

"Telling her that you were sorry that no man would have her."

"No man would have her?" said the unlucky man. "I never said a word about that. I was going to say since no man could be good enough for her I hoped she would forgive my failings. Wasn't it hard luck that she wouldn't let me finish my sentence?"

"Why didn't you go back and explain it?"

"Well," said the unlucky man sorrowfully, "I was bound to get married, so I went and proposed to Sarah Smith and she took me."

"At any rate you got married?"

"Married? Not a bit of it. Sarah Smith heard that I loved Elizabeth and had made that mistake, and she got mad and broke the engagement."

"Then you had your chance to go back to your first love?"

"I did."

"Didn't you get her?"

"Get her? No! I tell you, man, I'm the unluckiest man alive. I went back and asked her plunk out to marry me, and found that after she heard about my engagement to Sarah Smith she'd gone and promised to marry a fellow who'd been begging her to marry him for five years."

"Why didn't you wait, then, to see if she didn't break her engagement?"

"Hang it, man, I did."

"Did you go back again?"

"No, I didn't."

"Why not?"

"Because I'd changed my mind about getting married. Didn't I tell you I was the unluckiest man in the world?" —*New York Tribune.*

SEQUEL OF JOHNSTOWN.

Husband and Wife Reunited After Many Years of Sorrow.

At the time of the Johnstown horror James Agnew was in the employ of the Cambria Iron Works, which were destroyed by the flood. Just below the ill-fated town lived Agnew and his wife Elizabeth and three children. Mrs. Agnew and her children were among the human wafers cast up by the flood and homeless. She was sinking in despair, when there came a letter from this city. It was from her brother, John Pritchard, a machinist at the Louisville and Nashville shops. He bade his sister come to him.

Now as to the father. When the destroying waters swept over the works Agnew was swept away in the wreck. Down the river he floated and thought he was lost. At last he was picked up and carried to a Red Cross tent. There he lay many days unconscious, shattered in mind and body. When he got on his feet again they told him that his wife and children were dead and buried. Until recently, Agnew, who removed to Allentown, Penn., never doubted this statement; then through the inquiries a good priest, it was learned that the Pritchards lived in Louisville, and with them the lost wife and children. James Agnew and Elizabeth Agnew are reunited, but they will never forget the Johnstown horror.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Sign of her Nativty.—Clara—"Have you any idea where Miss Painter comes from?" Mr. Lookout, who has observed her complexion—"Baton Rouge, I fancy."

A Correction—"I hear that Dufferly has been throrn on his on resources, lately." "H'm! I guess you mean that he's been throrn on the resources of his friends."

Mother—"Effie, did I not send you out to look for eggs?" Effie—"Yes, mamma, but when I did go out I found all the hens standing around doing nothing."

The man who makes the funniest speech at the stag dinner and keeps all the boys in a roar of laughter frequently has nothing to say when he goes home to his wife.

Haw! Haw!—"That was an appropriate bit of music they had at the cattlemen's annual dinner." "What was it?" "The band played Beethoven's concerto in Gee."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"You say the chicken soup isn't good? Why, I told the cook how to make it. Perhaps she didn't catch the idea." Boarder—"No; I think it was the chicken she didn't catch."

Two Wishes.—Winkle—"I wish I could devise some way of hanging up my clothes." Nodd—"I wish I could devise some way of getting them out after I have hung them up."

Mr. Hardup—"Why didn't you send that tea and sugar and things I ordered yesterday?" Polite Tradesman—"Well, sir, I find there is a slight honorarium due on the last three consignments."

Restaurant Keeper—"It poured torrents at midday." His Wife—"I suppose it affected trade somewhat?" Restaurant Keeper—"It did worse. It compelled me to lunch with the customers."—*Harpers Bazar.*

Johnnie gives away a family secret.—Mr. Hankinson (desirous of making a present)—"Johnny, when is your sister's birthday?" Johnny—"Huh! She quit havin' birth lays long 'go."

Fogg—"Oh, you are two hard on Flimsley. He has his faults, but there is one good thing about him." Brown—"And pray what is that?" Fogg—"He—ur—I can't remember it just at this moment."

"And you rejected him?" "I did." "He has the reputation of being a large hearted man." "That's the trouble with him. He is too large hearted. He can love half a dozen women at the same time."

"Dobb, of the academy, is a great stickler for the proprieties," said Sincere at the studio. "Why, when he painted his famous marine, 'The Dying Whale,' he did the whale in oil and the sea in water colors."

"I have been particular in giving my meat order," said the guest, "because I have a good deal at steak." "Your remarks, sir," replied the dignified waiter, moving leisurely away to give the order, "are entitled to a great deal of wait."

"What makes you think that Stillwater is such a clever fellow? I never heard him say anything more than 'yes' or 'no.'" "That's what convinces me that he is clever."—*Boston Post.*

Bingo—"Wasn't the servant girl unusually pleasant this morning?" Mrs. Bingo—"Yes. Her beau called last night." Bingo—"See if you can't get him to come here and live."—*Life.*

Mrs. Musicmad—"Doctor, why is it that all the great pianists have such long, bushy hair?" Professor Savage (reflectively)—"I presume it is to keep off the flies while they are performing." —*Puck.*

SOME DISHES FOR THE SICK.

Even more than with her city sister is a knowledge of how to prepare food for the sick necessary to the country housewife, who must frequently depend entirely upon her own meager resources for such diet as will be suitable. But, fortunately, she has on the farm the most necessary ingredients for preparing delicate and appetizing food, pure milk, fresh butter and eggs being acceptable and strengthening to in invalids, and forming as they do the foundation of so many excellent dishes. The following are the receipts for preparing food for the sick that all will be found excellent:

BEEF TEA.—Take half a pound of lean, fresh beef, cut in pieces and let soak four hours in a pint of water; take out, put in a pint of fresh water and set on the stove, let simmer three hours; pour the boiling liquid in the water in which the beef was soaked; pound the meat to a paste and mix in. Serve hot.

RAW BEEF TEA.—Cut up lean, fresh beef; soak five hours in cold water, strain and season.

BEEF OR MUTTON BROTH.—Cut one pound of either meat in small pieces; put in two quarts of cold water and boil two hours; then add half a tea-

cupful of rice and boil one hour longer. Strain and season.

CREAM SOUP.—One pint of boiling water, half a teaspoonful of cream, let heat, break in toasted bread; season.

EGG GRUEL.—Beat the yolk of an egg with a tablespoonful of sugar; beat the white separately; add a teaspoonful of boiling water, then the white of the egg. Flavor with a little nutmeg.

CHICKEN JELLY.—Take a tender chicken, cut the flesh from the bones, break the bones; soak one hour in salt and water, put in a saucepan with three pints of water, simmer low. Sprinkle with salt and strain in a bowl. Set on ice.

CHICKEN BROTH.—Take the joint of a chicken, boil in one quart of water; season with salt and pepper. Squirrel broth made in the same way will be found very delicate and appetizing.

ESSENCE OF CHICKEN.—Cut up a tender chicken and put in a glass jar, stop tightly and set in a pot of cold water; let boil until all the juice is extracted. Strain and season.

RAW EGG.—Break a fresh egg in a glass and beat very light, add two tablespoonfuls of wine, and sweeten to taste. This is nourishing for patients too ill to take solid food.

RICE MILK.—Boil a cupful of rice in water; pour off when tender and add new milk; sweeten and flavor.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

MORE CALAMITY HOWLING.

Aristotle said: "Money exists not by nature, but by law."

Henry Clay said in Congress in 1837: Whatever the government agrees to receive in payment of the public dues, is money, no matter what its form may be. Treasury notes, drafts, &c, such under the authority of the United States, are money.

"Metallic money, while acting as coin is identical with paper money, in respect to being destitute of intrinsic value."—*North British Review.*

"No methods have been hitherto formed to establish a medium of trade equal in all its advantages to bills of credit made a legal tender."—*Benjamin Franklin.*

The theory of the intrinsic value of money has been abandoned by the best writers and speakers.—*Encyclopedia Britannica.*

"A just reading of the provisions is this: 'Congress shall have power to coin money, emit bills of credit (not debt) and make anything besides gold and silver a legal tender in the payment of debts.'—*Daniel Webster.*

Thomas Jefferson, John C. Calhoun, Chief Justice Miller, Chief Justice Chase, and a long list of other eminent men who have held high official positions, as well as over a half dozen decisions of the Supreme Court, tell us that a legal tender paper money issued by the government is good lawful money.

It costs a great deal of money to run a paper like *The Progressive Farmer*. If you owe anything, send the money to-day. Don't wait until to-morrow.

FREE
COUNTY OFFICERS.
Upon the receipt of name and postoffice, we will mail to each Magistrate or County Officer in North Carolina a copy of Revised Fee Bill and List of Blanks to be used. Col. Co. We are happy to say that the Company has just paid out to Stockholders a twenty-five per cent. Cash Dividend a net earnings for the past twelve months, and has saved besides, to farmers who have sold with us, thousands of dollars in warehouse charges.

Do not be deceived by the many mis-statements made to you by enemies of this house, who are obliged to tell big tales to get your count to pay their high charges. We give highest market prices, while our charges are the lowest. This justifies us in calling ours THE BEST HOUSE in one of the best markets to be found anywhere. Yours fraternally,
W. H. JENKINS, Manager.

NOTICE.

All communications intended for the Executive Committee of the State Alliance of North Carolina should be addressed to Capt. S. B. Alexander, Chairman, Raleigh, N. C., care of W. S. Barnes, Secretary Treasurer.

By order of Executive Committee.
W. S. BARNES,
Sec'y-Treas. N. C. F. S. A.

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Convenient, central, neat, pleasant, etc., with all the necessary comforts for the travelling public.
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Farmers' Alliance Warehouse Co.

HENDERSON, N. C.

Highest Prices—Lowest Charges. Authorized Capital, \$100,000.

In commencing this, the fourth year of the successful management of the Vance County Cooperative Alliance Warehouse Company, we beg leave to thank the Alliance and the public at large for the increased patronage given us last year, which was about double that of any previous season in sale of Leaf Tobacco. We are happy to say that the Company has just paid out to Stockholders a twenty-five per cent. Cash Dividend a net earnings for the past twelve months, and has saved besides, to farmers who have sold with us, thousands of dollars in warehouse charges.

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